

# October Falls

*Guide to Rebellion and  
Being Sad about Stuff*



**11:13 PM**

I got demoted at work one day.  
Never was good at stocking shelves  
I was slow, and lazy, and cut corners  
And I think my boss hated me  
As much as I hated him.  
I was on maintenance now  
I scrubbed floors and cleaned displays for the first time in years.  
I never showed up to my last week of work.  
My mom took a trip to the hospital  
That she would never come back from.  
I didn't cry when it happened.  
She was in and out and in and out  
And I didn't know which state hurt more to look at.  
In and out and in and out and in and out and...  
4 AM. Asleep. In my room. My dad yelling at me to get up. Getting ready.  
Then the news.

I had already guessed but hearing it hurts.

First time I ever saw a body.

I went home and went back to sleep.

## **Capitalism**

Capitalism is:

Coca-Cola death squads.

Democracy vs Communism.

A double-tap suicide.

Trickledown freakanomics.

The means of Twitter production.

Free Speech means Nazis are ok now.

“Economic Violence.”

Instagram entrepreneurs.

Neighbors are strangers.

Youtube videos as commercials for 8 year-old's.

“This is America” #1 on the Billboard Hot 100.

## **Shawshank Redemption**

I'm on the couch,  
You're on the chair,  
Heart is beating fast.  
Just say something. Just say something.  
I've seen the movie before,  
I'm barely watching it,  
More watching you.  
Just say something. Just say something.  
You say something about the movie,  
I give a half-assed response.  
You look so pretty today in your dirty scrubs.  
Just say something. Just say something.  
The words escape from my mouth like a prison break.  
"Do you want to go out?"

## **Nothing Less**

I felt attracted to the community  
For a long time.  
They're cool people, I said.  
Nothing more.  
Nothing less.

I showed up late to my first GSA meeting.  
I was lost.  
There was a girl there.  
I gravitated to her instantly  
She was tall (like me), broad (like me), and trans (like me).  
It was a friendship.  
Nothing more.  
Nothing less.

A month later I showed up at her house covered in my roommate's makeup, all  
smiles and giddiness.  
It was fun.  
Nothing more.  
Nothing less.

She made me question what I didn't want to question.

She gave me the test a week later.  
I told her about my pain, my love, my feeling like I was a dog left out in the rain  
looking through a window. Longing.  
"So what do you think?" I said.  
She looked me in the eyes and told me  
"I don't think you're trans."  
I felt like I had been hit in the chest with a brick.  
I stuttered and stammered out weak arguments.  
Each one she responded to with "I don't know, but you're not trans."  
After a moment of stunned silence. I felt it.  
A righteous anger, a fire in my bruised chest.

"Say it," she said.



“Fuck you, I’m trans.”

“Fuck you, I’m trans!”

“Fuck you! I’m trans!”

“FUCK YOU!  
I’M TRANS!”

She smiled.

## **The Dispossessed**

What does Anarchism mean?

It means a book recommendation.

It means anti-prison zines.

It means when the homophobe slaps you across the face you donkey kick them off a 3-foot ledge onto the concrete and run when you hear sirens.



## **Revolution**

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
Shit is fucked,  
Let's start throwing poo.

### **My Life Savings is Paypal Debt**

A friend of my dad owns LL Bean.  
Makes more in a day than I'll see in a year.  
More than my dad will probably.  
Yet my dad still believes in the system,  
Still charges me rent to live in his basement,  
Still thinks that cops are good people,  
Still thinks that the military protects our freedom.  
That the rich worked for their wealth.  
Except his friend came from money.  
He never lived on a couch, never worked paycheck to paycheck, never survived  
on ramen and cigarettes for a month or two.  
Never worked his way up from the bottom.  
But that just how things are, isn't it?  
No use changing things.  
No use confronting the double-think that lets us believe we live in a  
meritocracy,  
Yet you can be handed wealth at birth.

**Abilify 15mg Q1D**

21 bong hits each. 3 people. 63 bong hits total.

"Help me." I say softly. I don't know if I speak after that.

I lay down on the bed.

Where is my body? I don't feel it anymore.

I discover that the world has ended.

My vision pulls back till it's a tiny window, then a speck, then nothing.

An endless electric mountain range zips past me. It is me.

I hear a sound like winding whipping at my ears as it flies past.

I think their talking to me,

It becomes a call and response,

As they tell me I'm ok, I'm in the white, when I tell myself I'm not, I'm in the black.

I found a way out.

I can see again, can hear again, can feel again.

I'm screaming at the top of my lungs.

I roll off the bed, screaming and kicking and clawing around in a circle.

"Scream with me!" I yell at them, it's the only way to bring the world back.

They don't.

Made by: October Falls  
Published by: My printer

Thanks to Wrong Brain for getting me interested in making my own zine,  
and to Garrett Walker for making me think I could write poetry.

Do whatever you want with this thing, copy it, reprint it, upload it, I don't  
really care.

If you want to use my poems for something else though  
(I'm not sure why you would)  
Email me at [octoberfalls@garfield.lgbt](mailto:octoberfalls@garfield.lgbt)